

# YOUR NEXT PRESIDENT



BY

EDDIE CANTOR *and*  
DAVID FREEDMAN

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Your next president!



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YOUR NEXT  
PRESIDENT!









*My hat is in the ring,  
and whatever you throw  
into it will be appreciated*



# YOUR NEXT PRESIDENT!

*By*

EDDIE CANTOR

*and*

DAVID FREEDMAN

*Illustrated by*

S. L. HYDEMAN



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To

MISS PROSPERITY:

Come Home—Everything will be  
forgiven!



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PRESIDENT!  
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EDDIE CANTOR FOR  
PRESIDENT  
*And* HOW!

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WELL, I've accepted my nomination for President, and I'm ready for the campaign. I have a slogan and a platform. Now all I need is a party—and they're giving me one at my uncle's house.

I'm not running for any selfish purpose, but as a true patriot in response to the urgent call of my people. Have you ever heard of my people? I've been keeping them for years. If I'm elected, the Government will keep them—or there'll be no government.

My hat is in the ring, and whatever you throw into it will be appreciated.

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Many high-minded citizens have urged me to run. In fact, one of them advised me that as soon as I announced my candidacy, I should run like hell!

Outside of the Republicans, Democrats and Independents, the country is overwhelmingly for Cantor. What people like about me are my qualifications: I'm not an engineer. That's something. I'm not even an ex-President. I'm just a private citizen who became a public figure by living in the park. I moved there since the crash.

My banker is the only one who advised me against running. He still has the nerve to advise me.

"Why bother with a thing where there's no future?" he argued. "After all, where can you go from President?"

"I want to do the greatest good for the greatest number," I told him.

He looked at me as if I were Stalin.



“What do you consider the greatest number?”

“Number One!” I replied. Now he’s with me too.

I’ve had my physician look me over to see whether I was physically and mentally fit. He found I was perfect, but hoped things would be different after election. Then my wife looked me over and found a little address book in my vest-pocket.

“What’s the idea of all these names and telephone numbers of Ziegfeld chorus girls?” she asked sweetly, throwing the book in my face.

“Those are my constituents!” I said with dignity.

“What are you running for anyway?” she inquired. “For President or Governor of Utah?”

“Don’t be silly!” I told her. “Through these fifty girls I intend to swing the en-

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tire male vote. I'll put them up against the Republican National Committee any time!"

They might as well start cleaning up the White House now and set my name out there in electric lights. I also want them to open the windows and air out that prosperity odor.

Of course, I'll have to keep Mellon as Secretary of the Treasury. After all, he has lasted longer than the treasury. As for the Mayflower, the Presidential yacht, I want it back. The President gave it up because it made him seasick. I guess he'll turn over the ship of state for the same reason.

I find the Presidential timber for 1932 is mostly splinters. I'm sorry Coolidge decided to quit again. It's a bad sign. You remember what happened after the first time he quit. If he quits a third time we'll all be walking around

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with a towel and a goat—everything will be just Gandhi!

Still, I don't under-estimate my other rivals. Besides Hoover, I'll probably have to contend with William E. Borah, Newton D. Baker, Governor Ritchie, Owen D. Young, Amos Pinchot, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Clark Gable. Clark Gable is the man I fear most. If he runs it'll be a crooked election. Every woman will vote for him five or six times.

I'm not afraid of Senator Borah. He's always mixed up with foreign relations and they can't vote anyway. I remember he was once at a Pan-American Congress where everybody pans America. Besides, he's a progressive, always wanting to get ahead, while I want to get back to where I was in 1928!

I like Owen D. Young. He's a great personality. He takes orders from nobody! Not because he's proud, but be-



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cause there's no business! Still, he's very good at making plans and if he were President at least we'd have the depression according to a plan. Look what he did for Germany. They say whatever she owes she owes to Owen.

Governor Pinchot, I regret to say, is out of the running. He's a sweet man but he suffers from an insurmountable handicap. He could never enter the White House because they'd have to rebuild it to get his handle-bar mustache through the doorway. Governor Ritchie, on the other hand, could get in all right, but he couldn't get out, because he'd install a bar in the Capitol and get himself padlocked. At that, things might look brighter there through beer-colored glasses!

Newton D. Baker, Wilson's War Secretary, should feel at home in the place. He wouldn't need a man to open and

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close the windows for him because he likes a draft. But who else does?

Franklin D. Roosevelt has no chance at all. He's honest, capable, will not be dictated to and is quick on finding a solution to any problem. This disqualifies him at once. Yet he has a redeeming feature. He could save the government expense by using some of Teddy's old stationery. And maybe he could find that big stick in one of the closets. It's high time someone was at the White House who could use it.

I admit that all my rivals have some virtues, but not one of them can sing. And what we need is a President in tune with the times. I know the other candidates are beginning to attack me. Some of them have started to sling mud and tell terrible lies, but luckily I can beat them at their own game. They forget I'm an expert at blackening up!



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I'll show them how to run a pollutical machine!

I've already started to gather votes. I went to see my creditors and they promised to support me. Incidentally, if I'm elected, the first bill I want Congress to pass is my tailor's bill.

With my friends I've found it a little harder. I met one fellow who is so stupid about national affairs, he doesn't even know I'm running.

"What are your politics?" I asked him.

"Republican," he grunted. "My father was a Republican."

"What's your business?"

"A plumber. My father was a plumber."

"And why are you a bachelor?"

"Because my father was a—!" he stopped short and added angrily, "I wouldn't vote for you anyway!"

I've become a regular politician. I shake hands with everybody, even with myself. No matter whom I meet I pretend to know him, offer him a cigar and start to work that personal magnetism. The other day while waiting for the traffic signal, I stopped near someone driving a car and thought I might as well pick up a vote. I meant no harm—it was a male vote.

“Why, how do you do!” I cried eagerly. “Very glad to see you again! Still riding the old Buick, eh?”

“No, this is a new Ford!” he said coldly.

“Oh! Ah! Well—eh—how's your business getting along?”

“Never had any.”

“That's funny. Well, anyway—how's the wife and kiddies?”

“I'm an unmarried man.”

“Why, of course! I know that!” I

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said, beginning to perspire. "Still live around the old town?"

"I'm just visiting here from Kansas where I was born."

"Well, I guess I don't know you after all. Good-by!" And I sneaked away. But if I ever met him again I'd know him. In this way, one by one, I'm piling up a plurality.

During the next few months you'll hear a lot of hammering and sawing. You'll know it's the Presidential candidates preparing their platforms. Mine is all ready. I have one plank and that's plank steak for every voter.

As soon as I'm elected I'll declare a national holiday to last four years. That will give us a chance to sit down and eat up the surplus wheat. With parties and jazz bands going, we could use up the surplus corn and rye and put the surplus cotton in our ears. By the time





*As soon as I'm elected  
I'll declare a national holi-  
day—to last four years*

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I'd be re-elected there would be a shortage of everything including aspirin and everybody would be employed until the next surplus.

The only question is: If we have a national holiday and nobody works, what will we use for money? MacDonald made England quit the gold standard and Borah wants us to adopt silver. But there's no need for that. I have worked out a plan that will preserve industry and commerce without the skin ever touching metal!

Let every man make his own standard of exchange. Say a man has a wife who makes excellent potato pancakes. She gives him a dozen in the morning as pocket-money. He gets a shave and a shine for which he pays two pancakes and he gives the bootblack half a pancake as a tip. He goes to the subway, slaps down a pancake, but as this is



much more than the subway fare, the cashier gives him as change an orange, an egg and two pickles which the man eats for lunch. That sets him for the day.

At night, the neighbors drop in for a game of poker. One of them opens the pot with two salamis and our hero raises him with an alarm clock, a kimono and a live goose. The neighbor calls with a ham and a pair of tan shoes. Our hero wins the pot and is supplied for the week.

In the meantime, life goes on as usual. The big department stores advertise their semi-annual sales but instead of filthy lucre, you pay them with bigger and better things. Here is a sample bargain: "An evening gown originally priced at a piano, a book-case and a pound of caviar, now reduced to a bicycle, a strawberry short-cake and a pair of ice-skates!"

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Under the new system there would be no bank failures. Banks would get tremendous deposits. At the end of a day's business a man would fill out his bank slip and deposit: twelve smoked salmon, two dozen tan socks, forty coconuts, six hot-water bags and one orange-squeezer. Before going out he might ask the vice-president, "By the way, what is my balance?"

The vice-president would put on his overalls, go up to the bookkeeping department and start checking things up with a shovel.

Then he'd make his report: "Your balance is eleven hundred herrings, two hundred suits of long drawers, seventy derbies and three sacks of rice."

Imagine anyone starting a thrift account with a small piece of Limburger cheese and adding to it every week. How much it would draw through the

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years and how it would strengthen the bank!

This is only one of many reforms I have in mind. If I am elected—and there's no "if" about it—the first thing I'll do is give you relief from the relief commissions. I'll open the granaries and let out the mice so the people can get in. And by the way, I'll keep the five cent fare! If I am elected I'll keep my word and everything else!





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## WE NEED A NEW AMENDMENT

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**M**Y CANDIDACY for President has caused a stir throughout the world. I have received messages from the leading statesmen of Europe. Mussolini sent me a flattering cable, saying, "You make me laugh."

MacDonald radioed me in Scotch dialect, asking, "Who are you?" And I answered, "I'm feeling fine! Hoo's yer-self?"

Laval cabled me in code, "If you run you'll make it easy for Hoover to win. Hopeless!" He couldn't mean that. I was giving it the wrong reading. With the proper expression, it read like this,



*Mussolini sent me a flat-  
tering cable, saying: "You  
make me laugh"*



“If you run you’ll make it easy. For Hoover to win hopeless!”

I’ve been approached by both the Democratic and Republican National Committees. They offered me a high Federal position to keep out of the race. But I turned down their offer—who wants to be a letter-carrier?

When they saw I couldn’t be bought, each side tried to sell me a political machine cheap. Raskob would let me have the Democratic machine for the mortgage. But today mortgages begin at home!

The Republican machine would be fine with a little fixing. All it needs is four wheels, a motor, a chassis and a tonneau. It’s got the horn and a big gas-tank. And how that oil needs to be changed!

Anyway, I don’t like the emblems of the old parties. The elephant has a tail



*But I turned down their  
offer—who wants to be a  
letter-carrier?*

on both ends and you don't know whether he's coming or going. And if you ride a mule it's hard to tell where the man ends and the donkey begins.

I'll have my own emblem—something brand new. A kangaroo—the real symbol of prosperity. Vote for the Kangaroo and you'll get plenty of hops and a full pocket!

Although Hoover is my chief rival I must say he has been very sportsman-like about it. The other day I was in Washington distributing my campaign circulars in person. I passed the White House and noticed through the window that Hoover was having his lunch. I knocked at the door and he opened it just a crack. "What do you want anyway?" he asked, his mouth full of food.

"Well, I thought you'd like to see my campaign literature," I told the President. "By the way, this'll interest you.



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My campaign slogan is, 'Come and eat!' " Hoover looked surprised.

"Come and eat?" he inquired.

"I don't mind if I do," I said and walked in ahead of him. At lunch I met the leading men of the country. They were leading by two courses, but I caught up with them.

"We're glad to serve you," said the waiter, pouring a hot plate of soup down my back. I howled.

"There's the old singing Cantor!" said Hoover genially, patting me on the back to rub it in.

"We're glad you came," said Senator Reed, removing my chair just as I was going to sit down. I fell on the floor.

"Mr. Cantor wants to be served under the table," suggested Borah to the waiter. "Just an odd whim of his."

After I got over the warmth of my



*"We're glad to serve you,"  
said the waiter, pouring a  
plate of hot soup down my  
back*

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reception, I realized I was among pals and kept my hand on my watch.

“We’ve been trying to figure out the issues of the campaign,” said Mellon, lifting his head out of the chicken-pie, “but there don’t seem to be any.”

“What about Prohibition?”

“Oh, it’s been done to death—especially in Chicago!”

“Well, how about the Depression?” I asked, grabbing my plate back from the waiter.

“The Depression is not an issue! It’s a fact!” said Hoover stiffly. “Bring on the seventh course!”

The waiters started to serve pies and the administration smacked its lips.

“The issue for this campaign,” said Mellon, “should be ‘Buy Now!’ If we could get enough people to buy stocks I could unload! What do you say, gentlemen?”



“Oooh! Pie!” said the Cabinet.

“I’ve got the issue!” I cried and sank my fist into a pie. “It’s not ‘Buy Now!’ It’s ‘Pie Now!’ The reason people don’t buy is because you tell them to! Prohibit something and then they can’t be without it! For instance, how do you boys stand on pie? Like this?” And I jumped on the table and stood on the pies.

“Are you crazy? Why, we love pie!” cried the statesmen. “We’ve had it ever since we started this administration!”

“Well, then let’s prohibit pies!”

“You can’t prohibit pies! They’re a harmless drug!” said Stimson.

“I’ll show you how harmless they are,” I told him, throwing a deep-dish custard at him, but he ducked and Mellon received it. “Pies are a menace to society! Custard pies almost ruined the movies. Look what pies have done to the

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home! Picture a happy, peaceful family at dinner when suddenly the demon—huckleberry pie—is placed on the table. The father, mother and children become fiends, they dig into the pie, their faces turn purple, their hands are dripping with the blood of innocent berries!

“I ask you, where are the wood-shavings of yesterday? In the mince-pie of tomorrow! Who can calculate the loss to our country every year through home-made mince-pies? Our cook once made a mince-pie and I found chopped up in it my best necktie, my wife’s lavallière and my poor children’s homework—or rather, my children’s poor homework. It is high time that we passed an amendment to the constitution to prohibit the manufacture, sale and consumption of pies!

“Look what would happen if this amendment were adopted. Bakers who

## WE NEED A NEW AMENDMENT

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can't sell a muffin today would become prosperous pie-leggers. Everybody would be going to bake-easies. Materials never used before would go into pies. They'd make cherry pie out of red marbles and seven-layer cake out of flannel pads. You'd have to pay ten dollars for a genuine apple-pie and then find out you got cut stuff—crab-apples!

“Think how business would be improved. Bakers would have to buy machine guns and deliver pies in armored trucks. College boys would carry hot pies in their hip pockets and working-men would stay home nights preparing pies in the bathtub. I'd give all my relatives jobs to enforce the constitution and the pie-laws and you could always recognize a fellow with a hangover by his pie-face!

“Once we put the pie industry on its feet, we could pass a new amendment



prohibiting furniture. Yes, furniture is very unhealthy! If people would eat standing up the food could slide down easier, they'd get hungry oftener and the restaurant business would boom. Besides, look what prohibition would do for the furniture industry! Newlyweds would pay fabulous prices for beds and smuggle them into their homes at dead of night.

“A big government staff of inspectors could be engaged to detect furniture. If a guest came to the house you'd bring up a coat-tree from the cellar and show him a valuable kitchen-chair you have locked in your safe. He'd complain, 'I bought a bootleg desk—tried to write on it and fell through it.' And you'd tell him, 'I can get you a genuine 1914 desk with a real roll-top. But you'd have to bring it in a satchel from Mexico.'

“You’d need a bonded crib for the baby and people would sell you formulas for making your own home-brew piano—you’d buy eighty-eight ivory keys, a thousand wires, seven hundred and forty felt hammers, three pedals, sixty mahogany panels for the case, put them all together and it turns out to be a zither.

“The next step would be to prohibit clothing. This would automatically make us a home-loving nation, and stimulate the window-shade business. If nobody were allowed to wear anything, it would save the city money. A cop dressed only in a badge and a whistle wouldn’t need a red light to stop traffic.

“Naked people would slip furtively into clothes-clubs where they would hire clothes, put them on for a few hours and then take them off before going home. There’d be bootleg clothes which you



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could buy only by the case, and with each coat you'd have to take a case of pants. Any fellow unlawfully wearing a suit would walk out with a bodyguard of eight naked men to hide him from view!

“Look what would happen if we had all these prohibitions at one time. A man decides to throw a wild pie party, he agrees to furnish the table providing his guests bring their own chairs and they must all come fully dressed. Imagine! They're going to wear overcoats, sit on chairs and eat pies. They're breaking three laws at one time! Each guest arrives in a big auto with a naked footman and chauffeur to throw the police off the scent. They deliver a trunk upstairs and out of the trunk appears the guest, fully clothed, carrying his own camp chair!

“Everybody gets drunk on pie, they

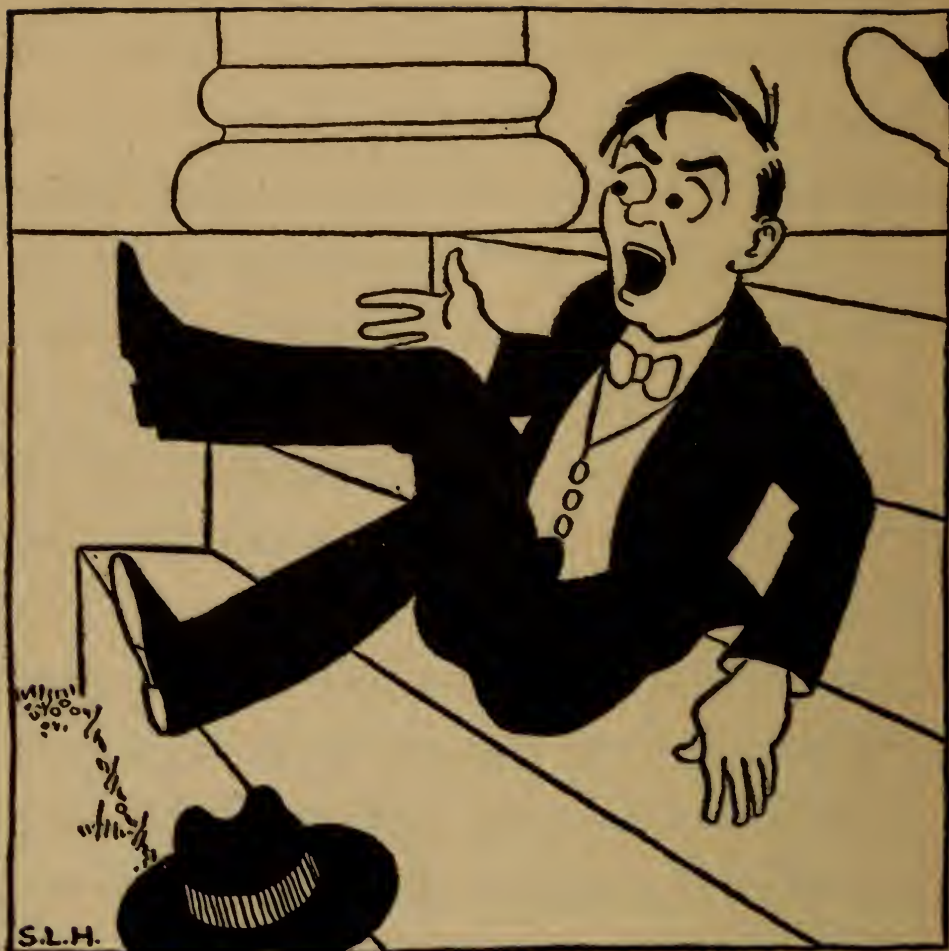
pull up the shades, and the neighbors see them all dressed and complain to the police!

“Finally, every industry has a lobby in Congress to get itself prohibited. Each week new prohibitions are enforced until we get to the point where nobody is allowed to do anything, and everybody is doing everything—and after all, that’s prosperity!”

All through my speech the President, the Senators and the Cabinet kept eating pies and when I finished, they got up together, said, “Hooray for Cantor” and threw me out.

“Remember November!” I called back, brushing my pants.

I’m sure I can be elected on my Anti-Pie Platform alone. And if that works I’ll start forbidding right down the line until I bring back Prosperity. What’s



*They said, "Hooray for  
Cantor!" and threw me  
out*



more, I'm going to do like all the great Presidents. They gave us something to remember them by. Lincoln freed the people. I'll feed them. Wilson made the world safe for democracy. I'll make it safe for depositors. Coolidge was silent for years—and I'll tell why!

My candidacy may be a joke to the administration but not to the people. Especially the children. I may safely say that the biggest part of my vote will come from the children!

At an open-air Republican meeting in Hollywood a little boy stood outside the gate trying to sell four new-born puppies, still blind. One of the crowd came over and asked him, "What kind of puppies are those, kid?"

"They're Hoover pups," said the boy with a sense for politics. The Republican campaign manager was pleased.

"Fine!" he said. "I'll take two."

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A week later I ran my own campaign meeting on the same grounds and the boy was there still trying to sell the other two pups.

“Young man,” I asked him, “what kind of pups are these?”

“Cantor pups, sir!”

The Republican campaign manager, who had come around to watch my rally, rushed at the boy. “See here, you!” he exclaimed angrily, “didn’t you tell me that those pups I bought from you last week were Hoover pups?”

“Yeah, but these ain’t—they’ve got their eyes open!”



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## A SINGING PRESIDENT AND A DANCING CABINET

---

**Y**OUR next President has been received enthusiastically wherever I went. People threw flowers and fruit at me. I didn't mind the fruit, but they were in cans!

Everywhere I struck the right keynote. At one meeting I cried, "Long live the people!"

"On what?" inquired one of the crowd. I didn't know and had to leave town.

Gradually I learned the art of pleasing everybody. Someone asked me, "Will you vote for light wines and beer?"

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I said, "I will——"

The drys booed.

"——not——" I continued.

The wets booed.

"——answer that question!" I concluded, wriggling out of it. That satisfied both sides.

Then I addressed the people from the heart. "You tons of soil, I mean, you sons of toil—I will shake you all by the hand!" I shook them by both hands to make sure my wallet was safe! Then I went among them and kissed their babies—little girl babies between the ages of eighteen and twenty. One of the babies slapped my face. She belonged to another party and he was looking.

On my return to New York I addressed a big meeting of bankers in the grand hall of Mills' Hotel. I spoke to them in defence of the administration.



*One of the babies slapped  
me. She belonged to an-  
other party and he was  
looking*

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I didn't succeed in clearing the administration, but I certainly succeeded in clearing the hall.

Nobody understood our foreign loan situation till I explained it, but after I explained it—nobody understood it!

Still, it's very simple. Italy owed a big debt to France and France owed a big debt to Italy; so in order to cancel it, they made a loan from us to pay each other off. Are you on? Since they paid each other off, they made a second loan from us so they could lend each other again; and then they made a third loan from us so they could pay each other off again. Are you on again? Now France and Italy are getting sick and tired of coming over here every time they need a loan to lend each other the money that they borrowed from us to pay each other off—if you're still on.

It's therefore up to America to watch



the calendar closely and whenever our loans are due, we must promptly send a check to France paying off what Italy owes her, and a check to Italy paying off what France owes her, and then we must send each country a check for what they owe us and we'll be even all around. Even worse than when we started. Of course, this does not explain the interest on the loans which must be added to the increment of the fiscal deficit except in February which has twenty-eight.

One of the financiers who seemed to understand me asked, "How can we avoid foreign complications if we make so many foreign loans?"

"That's just the way to avoid complications!" I told him. "Give them all money and they won't bother us. Look how much we'll save receiving all these foreign premiers with military bands!



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We'll give a loan to France, a loan to England, a loan to Germany, a loan to Spain, until the band will play, 'Alone at Last!' "

At another meeting I was asked, "Do you believe in government ownership?"

"Sure! *I* would like to own it!"

"No, no!" cried some in the crowd. "We mean like in Russia—where everything belongs to the government!"

"Say, I'm in favor of that too. Now that we have nothing, why shouldn't it belong to the government? With what my real estate is worth today I'd like the government to own it and pay me taxes!"

If I'm elected I'll have government ownership of everything, including children. Look what that has done for Russia! Take a man with nineteen children. He sells them to the party in power at so much a head and with what



*We'll give a loan to France, a loan to  
England, a loan to Germany, a loan to  
Spain, until the band will play "Alone  
at Last"*

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he gets, he can go into business again!

In two generations nobody would have any relatives to support. Besides, if the government can own the Post Office why shouldn't they take care of what eventually comes from playing Post Office?

One of the great problems today is that babies are often switched in private hospitals. This could never happen under my system. As soon as a child is born a government inspector would put a stamp on it and mark it, "Approved and attested pure by the Commissar of Infant Production for Safety Zone 12."

Another confusing thing today that causes the greatest unhappiness is that occasionally, the father has black hair, the mother is a blonde and the child turns out to be a red-head. Under our present system this can never be ex-



## SINGING PRESIDENT AND DANCING CABINET

plained. My way you'll simply blame it on the government.

The child will have many advantages too. Parents won't be allowed to punish it. They'll have to write a letter to the government to come and lick the child and the government will send an official licker agent.

No couple will be allowed to marry without government contract including an option clause on how many children the government will agree to take in any given year. When a child is born the following questionnaire will have to be answered before a permit is issued:

- 1.) Under what administration were you born, and if so, why?.....
- 2.) At your birth were you Democratic or Republican?.....Wet or Dry?.....
- 3.) What is the serial number on your



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license plate, or don't you like cereal? .....

- 4.) Are you male or female? (Answer: Yes, and please state how long you have been so?).....
- 5.) Was your father present at your birth? (Give full description of how he carried on).....  
Was your mother present?.....
- 6.) Are your parents fully paid-up government members in good standing or are you a bootleg child? .....
- 7.) What is your mother's maiden name on your brother's side? .....If more than one mother, please state when.....
- 8.) Is your father married or engaged to be married or is he still a bachelor?.....Who are your forefathers and what are they doing now? .....

- 9.) Has anybody in your family ever committed suicide? And if so, how did it seem to affect them?.....
- 10.) Do you promise to call the President "Daddy"?.....And do you promise to love, honor and obey the District of Columbia Official Organization for the Growing of Children and Grapefruit?.....

If and when government children grew up, no Republican boy would be allowed to marry a Democratic girl—because she might be too democratic.

If I were only allowed a free hand you can see for yourself what would happen. In four years you wouldn't recognize the country, and in my second term no other country would recognize us. Would that save us money!

If I'm elected I'll run the government on an entirely novel plan. We've



*Why not try running the  
country like a Broadway  
show?*



*If the administration were  
a flop, we'd close it over-  
night*



## YOUR NEXT PRESIDENT!

---

had generals as Presidents but they were too uniform. The bravest of them who could fight Indians in ambush couldn't face the open gas attacks of the Senate.

Then we tried politicians and it was fine for the politicians. Recently we put the government in the hands of businessmen and we're out of business.

Why not try running the country like a Broadway show? And who'd be better fit to do it than a man with theatrical experience? I'm not mentioning any names because modesty forbids, but let me show you how I'd do it.

Take my inaugural ball. First I'd break it in at Atlantic City. I'd have rehearsals, give it a real try-out and if it clicked, I'd open it in Washington with my Cabinet selling tickets at speculators' prices.

If the ball went over with a bang and

we got good reviews, I'd play it on the whole Shubert circuit. Maybe that would take them out of bankruptcy or put them in deeper. Anyway I'd keep the ball rolling for four years, playing one night stands. By that time I'd have to be re-elected so that I could do something at the White House.

Instead of Election Day I'd have an Amateur Night, and all the presidential candidates would have to try out their acts before a tough audience. Coolidge would do an imitation of Floyd Gibbons—under ether. Hoover would put on his magic act, saying, "Watch closely folks, the hand is quicker than the eye!" And he'd clap his hands and make prosperity disappear. Roosevelt would come out as an animal trainer and put his head in the tiger's mouth. And the actor who'd get the most applause would be elected.

## YOUR NEXT PRESIDENT!

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I'd give every Cabinet member an equity contract. Anybody who didn't make good would get two weeks' notice and his understudy could step into the part. If a Senator made a great speech he'd be sent on tour to repeat the speech in the Yale Bowl, Soldiers Field, Madison Square Garden and all other big places where nobody could hear him.

I'd put out bill posters and sign-boards announcing the special comedy acts at every Senate meeting. Once in a while we'd have a dramatic bit with Borah and Norris playing serious rôles and the rest of the Senators clowning around. Our Congressmen would be made up as the chorus in long stockings and ballet-skirts, and break out into an Albertina Rasch.

Instead of opening the House with a prayer, we'd open it with an acrobatic act and close with a trained troupe of



jugglers. The Finance Committee would be juggling the budget, the Speaker would be juggling his statements, everybody would be passing the buck, bouncing the bonus off his shoulders, balancing between the wets and the drys, and finishing up with a swift routine of log-rolling.

The whole administration would be put on like one big production. If it was a flop it wouldn't have to run four years. We'd close it overnight, put it in storage, get a new play and put on a new show.

If we found that one star wasn't a big enough drawing card, we'd co-star him with somebody else. Imagine, if for the last four years we'd have had a headline act like "Coolidge and Hoover"—what a terrific team that would have been! Why, Hoover wouldn't have had to show up at performances at all!



## YOUR NEXT PRESIDENT!

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Of course, it's possible that I may not be elected—nothing is sure, not even the Bank of England. But whoever beats me will win by a narrow margin and you'll see, he'll use most of my plans. Anyway, whether I'm elected or not, I'm starting right now to holler for a recount!







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